EVESDROPPING.

'Maud, I wish you would not say that again. I tell you, once for all, Mr. Lee can not be anything more to me than a mere friend; so if you respect my wishes in the least you will not mention his name to me again.'

Katie Lane flung back her bright, brown curls as she spoke, a little disdainfully, perhaps, and bent a little lower over the piece of crocheting she held in her hand.

Maud Anthony laughed low and triumphantly as she returned——

'Really, Katie, you need not speak so angrily. Everybody thinks you are going to marry him, and, for my part, I think he will make some one a good husband.'

'You need not trouble yourself, Miss Anthony, to look after my affairs; you must have enough to look after. When I need your advice I will surely let you know. So I bid you good afternoon.'

The queenly little heart arose proudly erect, and with a scornful expression on her lips Katie walked quietly away into the shrubbery of the graden.

As she walked hastily on a footstep on the other side of the hedge checked her flight, and in a moment Wilkes Lee, the subject of the conversation under the elms, scrambled up into sight, without seeming to have seen Katie, and hastened away.

The strange little heart of Katie gave a sudden start as she recognized her old friend and lover, as she paused, murmuring

'I wonder if he heard what we said? I wouldn't have had him for all the world. A plague on Maud Anthony. She forced me to say it. I suppose she is glad, too, for now she thinks that I don't care for him.'

For a moment Katie was silent, as she worked nervously at the pretty diamond ring that encircled her finger. It was a gift from Wilkes, a betrothal ring.

'I don't care, she at last broke out pouting.' 'Now that I've said it, I'll show Miss Anthony I mean it.' Then as she drew the diamond from her finger and cast into the bushes, 'lie there and rust, for all I care! Much good may it do you, Maud, too. You can catch him, I know, but what do I care?'

A moment Kate stood there, looking in the direction of the hedge; then clasping her hands to her face she burst into tears. On the other side of the hedge Wilkes Lee strode quickly away, saying, sheepishly:

'Well, well, a pretty scrape you came near getting into, my boy — Don't mean to be an eavesdropper certainly; accidents will happen, you know. So she don't care for you, eh? We'll see. I'll warrant she doesn't know her own heart now. I think I'll run away a few days, and let her get over her fit.'

The young man disappeared in the underbrush that lined the road, leaping the fence, and was soon lost to view in the distance.

Kate waited patiently for many days for the visit of her once ardent lover, and then, on concluding that he had not only overheard what she had said in the garden, but had taken her at her word, commenced not to look alone, but to mourn him as lost to her indeed. There was a grand masque ball at the Anthonys', positively the affair of the season, those said who ought to know. Of course all the fashionable people would be there.— The Lane carriage was in attendance, and Katie was there, looking prettier than ever; a trifle paler, no doubt, though for the world she would not have had the sharp sighted gossips surmise the real cause.

The ball was in full blast when the close carriage of the Lees was whirled up to the door, and the occupants, en costume, announced. No one doubted; even for a moment that tall, distinguished-looking fellow, with a lady leaning heavily on his arm, was Wilkes Lee, but who was his companion, who was she? This was with all the theme of wonder, and none the less with Kate than with the coquette, Maud Anthony. Some said it was his wife, perhaps he had married in a foreign land. Some said no; Mrs. Lee had said only to-day that Wilkes was coming home unmarried.

The mask seemed not to have eyes or ears for anything save the lady beside him. And lower and lower sank Katie's poor little heart as the evening wore on, and still Wilkes make no effort to distinguish her among the crowd.

At last when she could restrain herself no longer, she quietly slipped away from the throng and went alone to a seat under the trees.

A long time she sat thus, when, with the thought that she would be missed, she started up.

A hand was laid gently on her arm.

'Stay a moment, Katie, I want to speak with you.'

It was Wilkes Lee's voice, and Katie struggled to get away from the grasp that detained her.

'Katie, I heard what you said that day under the elms; did you mean it?'

His warm breath touched her face.

'No, Wilkes, I did not. I was provoked,' came falteringly, hesitatingly, from Katie's lips.

What if, after all, he had been true to her? She could not help thinking of it.

'And you love me still?'

'I have always loved you, Wilkes.'

'Then you own up that you are defeated, Katie.'

'But what of the lady who is with you? She is your——'

'Mother, my darling; and you are to be my wife.'

CONCERNING PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

Such measure of discontent as some portions of the Democratic press are exhibiting toward President Cleveland does not impress us as either very sound or very dangerous. The world has always been, and always will be, full of growlers; but the Pilgrim in his Progress found, as he kept quietly along in his straight and narrow path, that the animals were chained on either side, and that all he had to contend with was the noise.

There have been many things in President Cleveland's official course that the *Enquirer* could not but condemn; many that have met with its hearty approval. The sincerity of his purpose and the firm disposition to do what should seem to him wisest and safest are beyond question. It is almost idle to say that he has had much to contend with. Certainly no President before him, in time of peace, has been called upon to face so tremendous a task, and one so burdened with complex and dangerous possibilities. Indeed, the peculiarities of his position render Democratic precedents of very little avail. Let us go over some few of the many things which render impracticable a comparison between this Presidential era and those of say Jackson and Jefferson.

With President Cleveland a Democratic Administration came into power for the first time in a quarter of a century. His party, hungry with an abstinence of twenty-five years, moved upon him in a mass solid enough as to numbers, but varying, like the colors of the rainbow, in views and in purpose. There was the old generation, which had learned little and forgotten nothing. There was the new growth, with all of the overweening knowledge of youth and inexperience. And between the two were a half dozen widely differing shades of political teaching, to all of whom there was scarcely more than one thing in common—a desire to take immediate possession of the long-promised land and to show the President exactly how the ship of State should be run.

This "taking possession" was a problem far different from any ever before presented in this land. The long Republican rule, together with the peculiar influence of the war, had filled the offices almost entirely with one party—a situation never before obtaining since the Federalists went out. These offices, too, had grown, from a mere handful in the days of Jefferson, and but a small brigade in the days of Jackson, to a vast army of more than one hundred thousand men and women. A clean and sudden sweep of even such as were not protected by law would have insured national confusion, if not national disaster. Indeed, the mere clerical work of making removals and appointments, to say nothing of examining into the fitness of applicants, would make the task one of slow progress and long duration.

But there were also grave party reasons which forbade undue haste in this matter. Setting aside, if you will, the resolutions of the last National Democratic Convention, and the pledges given by Mr. Cleveland in the campaign of 1884, there remains the unquestionable fact that the greatest peril of the Democratic party lay in the popular distrust of its business ability to properly manage the Government under its changed conditions. Since it was before in power our revenues had grown from a trifling figure to the greatest of any nation in the world. Our public debt had risen from some one hundred millions to upward of three thousand millions. Our Civil Service roll had swelled to more than one hundred thousand places. For many years the Republicans had shrieked aloud that the Democrats were incompetent to manage this vast machine—that national and commercial disaster would follow the attempt. In many campaigns our defeat was traceable to this cry. The occasion has now come to see if the charge was true.

To refute it was not so easy as it might seem. In nothing was the Democratic party more divided than on great economic questions. On tariff, on internal revenue, on paper currency, on silver, on banking, we varied, and still vary, greatly among ourselves. Among these conflicting views it was necessary to persue a straight path which should utterly overthrow the Republican slanders, and give to the new Democratic Administration the confidence of financial centers, and of the business community. This was the first great work in hand. It was absolutely vital to the Democratic party. It has been done, and well done. Could it have been possible amid the confusion of a wholesale change of offices—amid the disturbance to public interests which would have followed the general replacement of experienced officers with inexperienced? We think not.

It is more than three months before we enter upon the second half of President Cleveland's term. In but little over a year and a half he has accomplished the first great work intrusted to him—he has convinced the country that its financial and commercial interests have nothing to fear from Democratic rule. There remains to him, now, another task of almost equal proportions—to bring the leaders of the Democratic party, politicians, if you will, about him in thorough amity and accord. In this he has been weak. Disguise it as you will, explain it as you may, the fact remains that, always under the surface, and often above, the dissatisfaction has been widespread and bitter. Nor is this work—the work of reconciliation—less imperative than the great one already accomplished. If a party may not remain in power without the confidence of the financial and business communities, so must it inevitably be wrecked without the active and earnest support of those whom the science of politics has brought to the front. The admiration of the money centers could not nominate Mr. Sherman, but the politicians easily put forward Mr. Blaine, and will do it again. It is the ability to unite the two which constitutes political greatness, and insure party success.

Can Mr. Cleveland do this work, as he has done the other? Time will show. Rome was not builded in a day; and a great party, coming into power for the first time in a quarter of a century, is not welded into a compact whole in a couple of years. The next twelve months of Mr. Cleveland's Administration must make or mar it.

If he can get into line with the active workers of the Democracy—if he can remove the discords and subdue the dissent—we shall approach the great struggle of 1888 with a certainty of a far more glorious success than that of 1884. But if, instead, the breach between him and the party leaders widens—if he withdraws still more into himself, and leaves coldness and open hostility to grow among those who must bear the burden of the fray—then disaster is certain to the Administration, and grave peril is threatened to the party. —*Enquirer.*

Bismarck as a Hero.

While he was serving in the Uhlan cavalry, in 1842, his groom, who was the son of a forester on his estate, rode into the lake to give the horse a bath. Missing his footing, the rider was thrown, and disappeared in the water. Bismarck was standing with a group of officers on the bridge and saw his sinking groom. In an instant his sword and uniform were on the ground, and he leaped into the lake. He found the struggling man, and seized him. But in the blind agony of a drowning man he clung so tight to his master that Bismarck, helpless, was obliged to dive with his burden to loosen the hold. It seemed both were lost, but soon after bubbles rose to the surface, followed by Bismarck, who in the depths had detached the grip of the man and now appeared, dragging his groom with him, and swam to the shore. The inanimate form was restored to life, and the following day to duty. For this act he received the Prussian medal for "rescue from peril," which was his first decoration, and he proudly wore it when he had no other. Nor has he since abandoned it, for it finds its place still amidst the highest orders which European monarchs have since showered upon his breast. His friends are fond of telling his answer to a much decorated diplomatist who, seeing this lonely medal on his young colleague's coat, inquired what decoration it was. Herr von Bismarck, who, at that time, had no title and had earned no courtly decoration, looked him hard in the eye and said: "I am in the habit sometimes of saving a man's life."—*John A. Kasson, in North American Review.*

The Conductor's Jaw Dropped.

One of those smart Alexanders who travel on cheek and the inability of the public to change $20 bills for a glass of soda or four tobies got on a Penn avenue car the other day and tendered the aforesaid $20 for his fare. Of course the conductor could not change it, and so he got his ride free. This was repeated until the conductor got tired of it, and after the fourth or fifth time of its repetition he determined to get even with the fellow. By visiting the toll-houses, and by other means unknown, the manipulator of the bell-punch managed to scrape up $19.95 in pennies.

Placing these in a little bucket he quietly awaited the appearance of his victim, having posted the driver and some other intimate friends who happened to be on board. When the unsuspecting young man with the plethoric pocketbook put in an appearance and promptly produced the "20" with many apologies the conductor pocketed the bill and produced his little bucket, and amid the grins of the spectators presented it to his customer. The young man looked pretty cheap, and, after feeling the heft of the bucket, thoughtfully got off the car and disappeared around a corner. Then the conductor took the bill from his pocket and proceeded to fold it up nicely, so that it would fit into a convenient corner of his pocketbook. Something in the appearance of the bill caught his eye, and, as he examined it a little closer, his jaw dropped about a foot. The bill was of the genus denominated by the sporting fraternity as "queer." The young man had also been laying for the conductor. *Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.*

"What have you under your coat, Paddy Jaselin?" asked Judge Cady. "Nawt a bitt av et, Yezonnor!" "Not a bit of what?" Pat said nothing, but gave a wink that would have stuck a cable-car on a down grade. "What's under that coat?" "Me soard, sorr; shure Oi'll show yeez Oi'm a soard swawl'r! "Let me see it, quick!" and the court took the sword, pulled the cork out, smelled it, tasted it, and drained it to the very last, and then smacked his lips. When his hair stopped pulling he looked down at Paddy, who was paralyzed with astonishment, and, with a smile that was worthy of a cherubim, he remarked: "There, Paddy, is the scabbard; you may go."—*St. Louis Chronicle.*

"You don't ride horseback as much as you did earlier in the summer, Mr. Swell," said Miss Sweetness. "Naw, I've given it up, don cher know?" replied Mr. Swell. "It's getting too duced common. Any cad can ride horseback nowadays." "Who has that beautiful horse that you used to ride?" "The sheriff has got him, don cher know, and the cad won't give him back."—*St. Paul Globe.*

Michigan has furnished two unparalleled examples of honesty or insanity. Some years ago a Lawyer Hadley, of Adrian, now of St. Ignace, wrote to the department to have his pension discontinued as he had recovered his health and was amply able to take care of himself. The other day Hascall Cole, Treasurer of the Adrian Times Co., ordered his pension stopped as he had been restored to health by the Faith cure, which would not be lasting if he received pension to which he was not entitled.

The Brachionigraph.

A patented invention, called the brachionigraph, is claimed to render the art of writing possible in the absence or uselessness of the hand. It is therefore serviceable in cases of writers' cramp and of paralysis of the fingers. The instrument is of simple construction, and consists of a long, light strip of iron, curved so as to be easily adapted to the ulnar border of the forearm. This splint is sewn into a casing of supple leather material, shaped so as to form a kind of gauntlet or sleeve for the forearm. The gauntlet is fastened to the forearm by an ingenious arrangement of screw hooks and studs, allowing of an adjustable degree of pressure. The bar or splint carries at its lower end a mechanism with a universal joint by means of which a pen may be held in any desired position. With this instrument the act of writing is performed by the muscles of the arm and shoulder, while those of the digits and thumb are thrown completely out of use. It is easy to acquire the necessary dexterity in the use of the invention for legible "handwriting."—Scientific Journal.

Henry George's Literary Work.

Henry George, unlike Mr. Howells, is not a methodical worker. "I write when the mood seizes me," he said, "sometimes getting off a mass of copy but often vey little. My works, particularly 'Progress and Poverty,' were the hardest labors I ever performed. Many a time I've sat down with a whole chapter mapped out in my mind and been unable to get beyond the first sentence in expression. Yet when I was a newspaper man I could reel off 'takes' as fast as any of them. But it is one thing to write for the hour and another for the years, so to speak. I regard journalistic work as the most valuable training a literary man can possibly have. It is, I think, more important than a college career, though I can't say so from experience, as I never went to college."—New York Tribune.

General Sheridan's Report.

A grand total of 26,066 commissioned officers and enlisted men is certainly not a formidable showing for a country with 50,000,000 inhabitants. Should an emergency arise we would once more find the advantage of a corps of well-instructed officers, now numbering 2,102, large in proportion to the strength of our regular army. General Sheridan's report is mostly devoted to recommendations regarding improvements in some details of service, the campaign against the Montana Indians being the only military operation referred to of interest to the general public.

General Sheridan's proposition to "indelibly mark with India Ink" men apprehended for deserting from the United States Army is a shocking and barbarous one. It is the sentiment of modern civilization, as well of a Christian charity, that no human being should be put beyond the chance of self-redemption, and that while there is life there is hope of reformation for the reprobate. Desertion in time of peace is not an offense of extreme infamy or without palliation; nor does it inflict upon the State any serious injury, as it does during actual war. It is true that the percentage of desertions from our regular army has been large, but it is also true that care for the comfort and reasonable respect for the personal pride of enlisted men are the best means of decreasing it. General Phil Sheridan has the reputation of a large-hearted man, and it is regrettable that he should diminish it by so needless and cruel a suggestion.

It has been claimed by some high military authorities, and denied by others, that a disposition inclining to cruelty and callousness to the sufferings of others is an essential characteristic of great military commanders. We prefer to believe that

"The bravest are the gentlest,
The noble are the daring,"

and that, on reflection, our principal officer in active service will regret his hasty thought of branding erring men like beasts.—*N. Y. Star.*